THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1807. [NUMBER XLVIII.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

The following relation is probably not altogether new to some of our readers; we trust, however, that it will prove interesting; and its moral excellence will be found highly conspicuous.

The Story of
THE COUNT DE ST. JULIEN.

THE Count de St. Julien was descended from a very ancient family, and was only at the age of twenty, when the death of his father made him master of a considerable sum of money, and of an estate in *Dauphine*, which might have supported him in the same affluent manner his ancestors had lived in, had not an unbounded love of pleasure taken an early possession of his heart.—*Dauphine* became soon too confined a sphere for him to move in;—the dissipations of *Paris* better suited the gaiety of his temper, where his figure, his expence, and his lively parts, quickly introduced him into the politest assemblies.—He was brilliant in all places of public resort,—ostentatious in his gallantries,—and was admitted to many of the *petite soupes* of the *esprits forts*; which are *coteries*, composed of wits and free-thinkers, who have too much vanity to agree in the received notions of mankind; but by their art, and the pleasantry of their ridicule, often operate too powerfully on weak minds, by undermining the good principles they may have imbibed, and substituting their own pernicious ones in their place.

Saint Julien had, soon after his arrival at Paris, taken an *Italian* figure-dancer of the Opera into keeping; who bore him one son, whom he named FREDERICK; a youth of fine parts—formed by nature with great sensibility, and with a mind so happily disposed, as might have rendered him a worthy and shining character, had not all these advantages been overshadowed by a false education, and their movements corrupted by the *bad example* of a father, who, having in a long course of dissipated connexions, lost his own morals, gave himself little concern about those of his son;—conceiving that the exterior accomplishments of a gentleman, comprehended every thing that was most material to carry him successfully through the world.—The infidelity of Saint Julien's mistress in a few years totally dissolved the attachment; and Frederick, by the time he attained the age of nineteen, became a companion to his father in all his vices, and likewise encouraged in such as he had a propensity to himself—the *dignity of a parent* became as much forgotten by the one, as the *respect of a son* was by the other.

Pleasure and extravagance gradually waste the amplest fortune—The *Count's* had, during the twenty four years he had quitted *Dauphine*, been annually decreasing;—nor could it, by the course of his expences, have lasted so long, but for his abhorrence of every kind of play, and had not some beneficial bequests from deceased relations, retarded its dissolution. He constantly expended far more than his income, and his estate had dwindled away by sales of an hundred acres at a time, till necessity compelled him to abridge many of his expences.—The contract for the old family mansion, with all the remaining land about it, was just completed, and the four thousand *louis d'ors*, which the purchase amounted to, paid into his banker's hands, when the following event gave a new turn to his life and fortune.

Among *les filles entretenues*, there was at that time at Paris, the CLAIRVILLE, who then lived under the protection of one of the *Farmer Generals*, whom I shall speak of by the name of D'AVIGNON.—She was a woman of much beauty, and great intrigue; but by her address, constantly flattered his vanity, and weakness; and by the success of her art, kept her gallantries concealed from him.—Saint Julien had made repeated overtures to this lady, and had been treated by her with a disdain his pride could not brook; she had, however, bestowed a more favourable look on his son, whom she had met in the *Thuilleries*, and frequently had conversed with; and whose youth and elegant figure had made a sensible impression on her heart.—For there was still an amiableness of character about him, nor could his assumed air of licentiousness disguise a certain ingeniousness of mind, which must continue to please, as long as nature hath a charm.

It chanced that Frederick, coming one evening out of the French Comedy, found the Clairville in one of the passages of the Theatre, waiting for her coach; which by some accident among the carriages, was prevented from drawing up. With his usual address, he offered to see her safe out;—and the result of half an hour's attendance and assiduity, was an appointment with him to meet her at the Masquerade, where she gave him to understand she should be found only with a female friend;—intimating at the same time that D'Avignon had business which would call him some leagues from Paris

and notifying the dress by which he might discover her.

Frederick, who had been constantly tutored by his father, that gallantry was the first accomplishment of a gentleman, never scrupled to communicate to him the progress he had made in any he was engaged in; he therefore, with his accustomed familiarity, informed him of the assignation he had made with the Clairville.

Saint Julien concealed the surprise he felt at this intelligence—the contempt which had been shewn him by that Lady, recurred with fresh poignancy, from the mortification his high spirit suffered by the preference given to Frederick; he, however, so sufficiently possessed himself, as not to appear in the least discomposed, and advised him by all means to pursue the affair

When a father is so unprincipled as to become a rival to his son, in a matter of this nature, it argues a mind so totally depraved, as to require but little apology to be made for the despicable meanness of the Count, in seizing this occasion to revenge himself of a woman—and by exposing her infidelity to D'Avignon, ruin her power;—not in the blindness of his passion foreseeing the ill consequence that might happen to his son in this business.

The Farmer General receiving an anonymous letter, which hinted to him, 'that the next masquerade might discover if he possessed the affections of his mistress so fully as he imagined,' doubted for some time whether he should pay any attention to its writer;—but jealousy is a passion easily awakened in men of debauched characters; and more predominant in advanced years.—He resolved on his intended journey; but took care to get back to Paris, time enough to be present at the masquerade.

As he was ignorant of the Clairville's dress, he might in so large an assembly, have probably returned without finding her, had he not, after more than two hours of anxious search, at last discovered her, by means of some jewels in her hair, which he had presented her with himself.—He saw her whole attention given to the gentleman who was with her, observed she conversed with no other, and had now little reason to scruple the intelligence he had received.—He watched them with earnestness and rage, the whole night, till they quitted the ball; nor lost sight of her, till he saw her enter with her gallant, the house he kept for her.—The servants observing a mask follow almost immediately their mistress and her friend, concluded it to be one of the party; but the instant that D'Avignon had reached the garden apartment, which was his usual supper room and whither she had conducted her lover; he threw them both into the utmost consternation, by discovering himself to them; with ungovernable passion reproached the lady for her inconstancy,—and drawing a sword, which he had concealed under his dress, ran with fury upon her paramour. Frederick throwing off his domino, hastily seized one of D'Avignon's own swords, which hung up with a hat and belt in the room where they were; and thus armed, used every endeavour to appease his antagonist by words: but the other, pressing on him with a vehemence which would listen to no palliation, the unsuccessful youth found himself compelled to defend his own life; and in the recounter, mortally wounded the Farmer General. Clairville fell into a swoon, and Frederick fled instantly out of the house, with that precipitance and perturbation which must ever be natural to so unhappy a situation.

This unfortunate event happening early in the morning, D'Avignon did not survive many hours.—Though Saint Julien enjoyed in idea the secret triumph which this stratagem gave him over a woman, whose conduct towards him had provoked so unmanly a resentment; yet he apprehended from its success no other result than his disgrace; never conceiving that from such a connexion as D'Avignon had with her, any point of honour would have stimulated him to oppose the arm of age to the vigour of youth.—He felt himself, however, when the time arrived, by no means in an easy situation. It was a painful suspense between hope and fear;—he was alarmed for the difficulties in which he might possibly have involved his son and feared also that the great influence of the Farmer General, when he should know who had supplanted him in the affections of his mistress, might be highly prejudicial to the future interests of Frederick. He passed the night in much disquiet; nor dared the next morning to make any inquiry, lest he might awaken suspicion; but in the utmost anxiety waited at home the arrival of his son, wholly ignorant of the scene that had been acted; till the following letter, delivered about noon to his servant by an unknown person, opened to him the fatal catastrophe.—

(To be Continued)

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE HISTORY OF FASHION

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

FASHION, who is the offspring of the magician Novelty, and the fairy Invention, is also a native of France. At her birth her father endued her with the gift of universal attraction; and her mother bestowed upon her the power of renewing her beauty and youthful appearance every half year. Thus armed and equipped, she has bid defiance to Rivalship, and set the depredations of Time at naught. Bred up from her earliest infancy in the gay, unthinking court of the most fantastical nation in the world, it cannot be wondered at that she is full of variety and caprice and delights in that absolute sovereignty, so dear to *female* hearts. I forget

in whose reign the little sorceress was introduced to the British court; but it must be a *long* while ago, for *Wisdom* was prime minister, and Common-Sense and Economy were secretaries of state. The nation had long been reposing on the lap of Peace: provisions were cheap, and money was plentiful. This situation of affairs was perfectly favourable to the reception of the beautiful stranger, whose appearance filled every heart with love, and every eye with admiration. All ranks, all ages of both sexes were equally infatuated. Nothing now was thought of but Fashion. The most ridiculous and absurd of her mandates were obeyed with implicit, and blind zeal. The neat simple attire of their ancestors was thrown by with contempt, and the new-fangled frippery of their lately adopted sovereign, was substituted in its stead, with an enthusiasm that bordered on phrenzy. The world seemed turned topsy-turvy;—for the short and the tall, the fat and the slender, nay, even the *young* and the *old*, wore the livery of Fashion, without distinction; or the least regard to what was becoming or proportionable. Intoxicated with pride at her newly extended power, Fashion knew no end to the variety of her caprices, which *nothing* could equal but the *folly* of her votaries; every hour produced fresh changes: hardly was it possible to appear *twice* in the same habit; and to the great detriment of people's fortunes, every thing must be of foreign manufacture, because it was scarce and expensive. Thus more money was lavished in a few years, for Fashion-sake, that had been given, for God-sake, in two centuries. You may be sure poor Wisdom was in a terrible quandary, at the alarming situation of old England. In vain did he frown and remonstrate at the folly of the people:—they only laughed at him, called him an old quiz, and went on just the same. But Fashion resented his interference more highly; she made a public declaration that "*Wisdom* was inimical to *Fashion*," and directly every body tried to be as foolish as they could; *and it is recorded* that they succeeded *so well*, that nobody could have supposed they had ever been *otherwise*.

The disgrace of Wisdom entailed the same misfortune upon his coadjutors, Common-Sense, and Economy:—the latter was decapitated as a traitor; the former ran away, and got safe to America, and was afterwards a prime favourite with the great Washington, and his adviser in every action of any moment. However, Wisdom, though disgraced, was neither executed nor banished, but continued to live in retirement till the reign of his present majesty, when he was again introduced at court by the late Earl of Chatham, and justly caressed his sovereign. It was then he put in execution a plan he had long meditated. He saw with concern that the influence of Fashion on the minds of the people had not in the least abated; he saw, too, that every attempt to lessen it, would only be attended with disappointment and disgrace; to modify it, therefore, and render it less dangerous to their morals and fortunes, was all that could be hoped. In order to accomplish this desired end, he proposed a marriage between the universal favourite, Fashion, and an amiable youth called Good Taste, the son of Good Sense, by the nymph Fancy, who, possessing all the solidity of his father, joined to the playful variety of his mother, was the fittest companion possible for Fashion. His features were regular; his countenance expressive; and the symmetry of his form the most perfect imaginable. No wonder then he was received with complacency by the fair lady. Their nuptials were shortly after solemnized with the greatest pomp and magnificence. Never was any thing equal to the wonderful change that succeeded this union: the first step to amendment was the dismissal of *Effrontery*, (the handmaid Fashion had brought with her from France) and the filling up her place by *Modesty*, a native of England. Fashion was now the best wife in the world:—not the least article of dress would she put on, without consulting her husband, to whose jurisdiction she entirely left the apparel of the gentlemen. Thus an elegant simplicity was substituted for finery; and people were allowed to study their complexion and shape, in chosing the colour and form of their clothes. Fashion now appeared lovely, indeed!—The hand of Modesty adjusted her attire, and concealment heightened every charm. She wore no *rouge*, for the blushes with which Modesty supplied her, were allowed by every one to be infinitely more becoming. The ample flowing robe of glossy silk, gave beauty to her form, and dignity to her port. In winter the rich satin defended her delicate limbs from the cold; in summer the thinner lutestring and sarsnet, gave lightness to her attire. The poor artisan flourished—and Fashion was the friend of the people! Why must I reverse this beautiful picture? Alas, truth ordains! I must obey! The great influx of foreigners just before the French Revolution, was the ruin of poor Fashion. She renewed her acquaintance with too many of her old friends, and began, by degrees, to adopt their manners.—Notwithstanding the anger of her husband, and the remonstrance of her handmaid, she once more loaded her cheeks with rouge, and assumed the French tone in every thing she did and said—and when the troubles in France obliged so many emigrants to take refuge in England, the contagion became irresistible. Every day produced new disturbances between Fashion and Good Taste; but when, at last, she discharged Modesty, to take her ci-devant handmaid into favour again, the displeasure of her husband knew no bounds, and he declared that he was determined not to live another day under the same roof with her. To this menace she replied, with the most perfect *sang froid*—that she had long thought it extremely gothic to live upon good terms with her husband, and that she was happy to find he was of the same opinion; that if he thought his honour injured, he might seek his redress in Doctor's Commons, and rest assured she should think

the restoration of her freedom an ample compensation for the loss of his affection. So saying, she flung out of the room, and skipped into the carriage that was waiting to take her to the lodgings of an emigrant count, called Monsieur *La Folie*, with whom she had long been carrying on an intrigue, and whose extravagance and propensity to gaming, have severely punished her guilt and folly in the event. Good Taste took Fashion at her word, and procured a divorce, which was no sooner put in force, than he espoused *Modesty*, whose attractions, when contrasted to the disgusting boldness of Fashion, he found irresistible, and whose amiable sweetness, and unaffected delicacy, made more than amends for her obscure birth and small fortune. With his new consort, he endeavoured to establish a court in opposition to Fashion, in which he, in some degree succeeded; for, tho' their society is small, it is composed of the most estimable characters. In the mean time, poor Fashion, led on by her seducer from one folly to another, has nearly expended all her substance, since every shilling of money she can command, is scarcely sufficient to supply his gaming expences. Full of that *politique* so natural to *Frenchmen*, he has made even her vanity subservient to his wants. Under a pretence that silk dresses were heavy and disgraceful, he persuaded her to renounce wearing any: *cheap* white muslin was adopted instead, and invariably worn, summer and winter; in opposition to the dictates of Reason and Feeling, who exclaim loudly against the inconsistency of making no difference between Christmas and July. Pockets, he said, spoiled the symmetry of the form—Fashion declared she would wear none, and her pocket handkerchief and purse were borne by her lover; who took care to empty the latter, for his own advantage. The less expensive her attire, the more she could spare for him. He recommended, therefore, naked arms, an uncovered bosom, thin petticoats, and all the indecencies that disgraced the last year of the eighteenth century. Poor deluded Fashion, duped by his artifices, has sacrificed nearly all her wardrobe to his insatiable avarice; and had it not been for a pelise, sent her as a present by Common-Sense, and which Necessity, (her now constant attendant) obliged her to wear, the nineteenth century would have found her almost in a state of nature. The extreme low state of her finances, and the consequent coldness of her lover, have made it hoped by many that she will shortly be obliged to seek a subsistence by becoming the handmaid of Modesty. If such a change *should* take place, we may then flatter ourselves with the pleasing hope of seeing our fair countrywomen restored to their former dignity. A beautiful women, adorned by Fashion, under the direction of *Modesty* and *Good Taste*, is indeed a most pleasing sight—it excites as much respect as admiration—and what is admiration *without* respect? It is the smoke of the incense on the altar of the idolater—it *defiles* the image it pretends to *adore!*

ADDRESS TO VANITY.

HAIL, Vanity! thou eccentric goddess who presidest over our manners, fashions, and amusements. It is to thee we owe those elegant refinements which embellish society! Incited by thee, the sprightly virgin offers her tresses, beautiful as those of Belinda, a sacrifice to the caprice of thy handmaid Fashion, and envelopes her pericranium in a succinct frizzled wig, curled *a la Brutus*. In vain the poet tunes his lyre to celebrate the power of beautiful ringlets: in vain he says

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single hair."

Thy mandate, O Vanity! must be obeyed: or if a presumptuous fair one will retain her beautiful hair, she must wear it unseen, till, at some future period, when thou deignest thy permission, she may open her filiceous masked batteries to the discomfiture of many a coxcomb. It was thou who invented the entangling net worn by the fair;—to thee those lovely fishers of men owe this expedient. See what beaux and heroes flutter in the toils of beauty. Allured by bright eyes, they approach the lovely idol, and the sable meshes of fashion enwrap them. To thee, O Vanity! the military hero is indebted for all his graces so irresistibly charming in the eyes of the woman of fashion: thou adjustest his waving plume, his glittering epaulets, his gorget, and his sword-knot; thou regulatest his measured strut, and givest expression to every muscle of his formidable face. Thou it is who pointest the lightning of his tremendous eye, "that speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke, and bounce;" thou instructest him to lead his fair partner in the dance, while her little heart, agitated by thee, throbs with vivacity.

The flippant *petit-maitre*, inspired by thee, slanders the fair fame of virtuous beauty, and derides decency. Thou, O goddess! excitest a blush even in the face of masculine impudence himself, if inadvertently one sentiment of piety should escape his lips, and raise the laugh of fashionable levity at his expense.—The modern philosopher, illumined by thy inspiring smiles, boldly steps forward in defiance of every institution, human and divine; he derides revelation, convinced that thou alone art the true object of rational adoration. The wise precepts that issue from his lips are dictated by thee. O Vanity, human reason has become thy auxilary; and the inventive power of wit and genius assert thy authority. The theophilanthropists and illuminati of the continent are outdone by thy priests and priestesses in this renowned city. The enlightened free-thinker, actuated by thee, proves, by incontrovertible arguments, that there is no paradise but thine; that the present moment is all we can call our own; and, by giving unrestrained indulgence to the passions, wins over myriads to espouse thy cause, and rallies them around thy standard. See how

Superstition flies aghast before thy innumerable battalions! nay, even the lovers of truth are put to flight before thy invincible defenders! The hypocrite and the fanatic join the victorious throng, and with malignant aspersions vilify virtue. They unite their voices with the general acclamation in thy favour, and exclaim, "Frivolty, thou are our idol: deism and fanaticism are alike sustained by thee!"

The rout and the masquerade are crowded with thy votaries; nay, the dread of ridicule compels even the serious part of the community to conceal their queer notions, and smile with affected complacency on thy votaries.

Thy reign, O goddess! over the passions and the minds of men is almost universal in this great city: even Mammon himself, who, next to thee, seems to share the adoration of the admiring throng,—even Mammon is obliged to yield his precious hoards as an offering on thy altars.

The theatres resound with the hymn of thy worshippers: there ghosts are conjured from the world unknown, to minister unto thee;—spectres stalk before thy altars;—heroes chaunt in recitative; and heroines expire in song for thy amusement.

But it is in the palace of the great that thou art ministered to with superior elegance: there Fashion presides—there titled dames and noble virgins pay thee peculiar honours.

The *fete* is honoured with thy presence, O gracious vanity! and all the enchantment of extravagant voluptuousness is exhibited there.

To thee the ladies of the *ton* sacrifice their treasures with generous profusion. In those nocturnal entertainments, Art performs prodigies; temporary arbours, saloons, and temples, are erected, as if by magic: those superb scenes are adorned with lustres, perfumed with aromatics, and filled with sounds of sweetest melody; a numerous train of thy adorers of both sexes, animate the scene; they dance before thee, and Affectation presides in the ceremonious assembly.

Such are the elegant amusements of the fashionable world, who are universally devoted to thee, and careless of consequences: the polite man of fashion resigns his mansion and his coffers to the management of his dear yoke-fellow. The beautiful arbitresses of dissipation shine with a meteor-like lustre, and emulate each othur in modish extravagance to a degree scarcely equalled by Cleopatra herself.

No language can express the universality of thy power in the gay world, O beloved Vanity! Even antiquated dames forsake their prayer-book, fly to the toilet, and beautify their shrivelled faces with lotions bestowed by thee.

Thou, O goddess! invertest the order of things, turning the day of the fashionable world into night, and their night into day. Thy power is unbounded; and Affectation, thy favourite hand-maid, attends thy steps, as thou movest along, dispensing thy favours to mortals.

THE LAKE OF ZURICH.

From
The German of Klopstock.

Beautiful is this attire, O Nature, mother of beings; in which thy creative hand hath cloathed our country; but much more beautiful still is the radiant expression of joy, which spreads itself over the countenance of him who forms a grand conception of thy works.

Hasten, O Joy, hasten from the summit of the vine-covered hills which surround thy sea of azure; or, rather, if already thou hast revisited the heavens, redescend to us with the blushing ray of the setting sun upon the wings of the evening Zephyr.

Come and teach my strain to be serene and contented as thee, O gentle Joy; to be lively and animated as the transports of Florimel—tender and delicate as the susceptible mind of Fanny.

Already we have left *Utto* far behind us; Utto, which sees at his foot Zurich, nourishing within its walls a race of free and industrious citizens. Already have we passed the little hills which are embellished with the riches of the vintage.

Already the silver ridge of the Alps appears at a distance, and the ardent bosom of Florimel feels additional energy at the prospect. He yields to the impression, and addresses himself more eloquently to his beautiful companion.

She sings, (worthy herself to be the subject of her strain) she sings the Doris of Haller, and the Daphne of Hirzel. We reply to her with the songs of Hagedorn, and we feel in our own hearts the sentiment which inspired them.

Now a laughing meadow receives us into its bosom, and the forest which crowns the vale, extends its thick and shady arms around us.

It is here, O celestial Joy! that thou descendest to us; here thou communicatest thyself to us without reserve, and fillest our hearts with thy delights. Yes, we feel thee, O Joy! beneficent divinity! O amiable sister of humanity! O gentle sister of humanity! O gentle companion of innocence.

How balmy, O joyous spring, is the breath of thy vivifying and creative gale; when the flowers spring up at thy presence, and lovers feel thy secret influence in their hearts.

Ah, it is to thee that sentiment owes its triumph; animated by thee, the tremulous bosom heaves a more impassioned sigh; inspired by thee, the mouth more eloquently expresses the language of love.

The lofty and harmonious sounds of glory animate, exalt, and intoxicate the heart. The thought of that immortality which glory gives us, is great and noble, and worthy of all the efforts of a courageous soul;

To live again, by the power of song, in the midst of our children, their sons and their daughters, to be often named, celebrated by them with enthusiastic transports, and invocated from the bosom of the tomb;

To be able to form their tender hearts; to fill them, O Love, O Virtue, with thy gentle inspirations. Yes this is also a sublime consideration, and worthy of an exalted mind.

But it is perhaps sweeter still, more lovely, more delightful, to feel in the embrace of those we regard, the pure transports of friendship. Thus to enjoy life, is not to be unworthy of immortality.

Animated by this sensation, while sitting beneath the cooling shade of these groves, my eyes fixed on the silvery waves that gently roll before me, my heart addresses this sacred prayer to heaven.—"Were ye also with us in this spot, O ye who, dispersed over far distant countries, still preserve for me your heart's best affections—Ye whom my soul seeketh, and whom, in happier times, she may meet again upon the earth! O here would we pitch the tents of friendship. Here would we dwell forever. Yes, for ever. This peaceable forest should be as a Temple, and this valley an Elysium."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

It is not unusual to hear a man boasting of his good fortune in having met with few crosses or disappointments in life; but surely those men are more enviable, who, by the aid of calm reflection, and resignation to the will of Providence, have acquired a degree of patience and fortitude, sufficient to enable them to bear up against them. I do not mean that a man should quietly and tamely bend to every misfortune, without an effort to overcome it; on the contrary, while there remains even the most distant prospect of success, I would not have him despair; but let his exertions keep pace with his wishes; yet when the loss is fully ascertained to be irrecoverable, let him not increase it by the waste of that portion of time in unavailing lamentation that he might employ to more profit in other pursuits. The following anecdote of Sir Isaac Newton, presents a noble trait of his great character: the mildness of his temper through the course of his life, commanded admiration from all who knew him, but in no one instance more than the following. Sir Isaac had a favourite little dog, which he called Diamond; and being one day called out of his study into an adjoining room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find that Diamond, having thrown down a lighted candle among some papers, the nearly finished labour of many years was in flames, and almost consumed. This loss, as Sir Isaac was very far advanced in years, was irretrieveable; yet, without once striking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation: Oh! Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done.

::::::::

SACRIFICE OF TRUTH.

It is much to be lamented that mirth and gaiety, so desirable as they are to sweeten life, should so seldom be indulged in innocence. Much might be said on this subject, as many are the instances which daily observation points out; but my present remarks are confined to the single circumstance of the sacrifice of *Truth*.

I blush for my sex, when I consider how frequently the benefits of reason and speech (the two great blessings, bestowed on us by the bounty of Providence, to raise us above the level of the brute creation) are perverted to obtain the paltry satisfaction of an unmanly joke, or a laugh at some mistake, into which, by a falsehood, we have led our unsuspecting companion. Surely we degrade ourselves below the brute creation by such conduct: if we possess superior endowments, if we know their uses, and abuse their advantages, we are no longer worthy to be treated as rational creatures, while the proofs are so manifest of our being wanting in one of the greatest ornaments of virtue and religion.

I was led to the foregoing reflection, by the following anecdote.

The late Dr. Goldsmith, though one of the first characters in literature, was as great a novice in the common occurrences of life. His own heart being perfectly harmless, he imagined every man with whom he was in company, to be as ingenious as himself. Sitting one evening at the tavern where he was accustomed to take his supper, he called for a mutton chop, which was no sooner placed upon the table, than a gentleman near him, with whom he was intimately acquainted, shewed great tokens of uneasiness, and wondered how the Doctor could suffer the waiter to place such a stinking chop before him. 'Stinking!, said Goldsmith, 'in good truth, I do not smell it.' —'I never smelled any thing more unpleasant in my life,' answered the gentleman; 'the fellow deserves a caning for bringing you meat unfit to eat.'—'In good truth,' said the poet, relying on his judgment, 'I think so too; but I will be less severe in my punishment.' He instantly called the waiter, and insisted that he should eat the chop, as a punishment. The waiter resisted; but the Doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane, if he did not immediately comply. When he had eaten half the chop, the Doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking that it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful to him. When the waiter had finished his repast, Goldsmith's

friend burst into a loud laugh. "What ails you now?" said the poet. "Indeed, my good friend," said the other, "I could never think that any man whose knowledge of letters is so extensive as yours, could be so great a dupe to a stroke of humour: the chop was as fine a one as ever I saw in my life."—"Was it?" said Dr. Goldsmith, "then I will never give credit to what you say again; and so, in good truth, I think I am even with you." What a truly mortifying answer must this have been, if the heart of his acquaintance was not callous to reproof.

LEVITY.

FEMALE SPIRIT.

Not long since, a couple were going to be married, and had proceeded as far as the clergyman's door, the gentleman stopped his fair comrade with the following unexpected address: "Eliza, during our courtship I have told you *most* of my mind, but I have not told you *all* my mind; when we are married, I shall insist upon three things." 'What are they?' asked the astonished lady. 'In the first place, (said he) I shall lie alone; secondly, I shall eat alone; and lastly, I shall find fault when there is no occasion; can you submit to these conditions?" "O yes, sir, very easily, (she replies) for if *you* lie alone, I *shall not*; if you eat alone, I shall *eat first*; and as to your finding fault without occasion, that I think may be prevented, for I will take care that you shall never want *occasion*." They were married, and the writer of this wishes them much happiness.

A poor man had an affair that puzzled him, and he much wished to have the advice of a neighbouring lawyer. 'Indeed, my friend,' said the lawyer, (not expecting any great fee from the man's appearance) 'your affair is so intricate, I cannot see where to begin." The man took the hint, and giving him two half guineas, all he had, 'there's a pair of spectacles for you, Sir."

EPIGRAMS.

The other day, said Ned to Joe,
Near Bedlam's confines groping,
"Whene'er I hear the cries of woe,
My hand is always open."
"I own," said Joe, "that to the poor
(You prove it every minute)
Your hand is open, to be sure,
But then there's nothing in it."

At a tavern one night,
Messrs *More, Strange, & Wright,*
Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange;
Says More, 'Of us three,
The whole town will agree,
There is only one knave, and that's *Strange.*'
'Yes,' said Strange, (rather sore)
'I am sure there's one *More,*
A most terrible knave, and a bite;
Who cheated his mother,
His sister and brother——:"
'O yes,' replied More, 'that is *Wright.*'

Says Giles, 'My wife and I are two,
Yet, faith! I know not why, sir!"
Quoth Jack, you're ten, if I speak true;
She's one, and you're a cypher."

A busy impertinent, entertaining Aristotle the philosopher one day with a tedious discourse, and observing that he did not much regard him, made an apology, that he was afraid he had interrupted him. 'No, really,' replied the philosopher, 'you have not interrupted me at all, for I have not minded one word you said.'

A person having been put to great shifts to get money to support his credit, some of his creditors at length sent him word, that they would give him trouble. 'Faith,' said he, 'I have had trouble enough to borrow the money, and had not need to be troubled to pay it again.'

A man carrying a cradle, was stopped by an old old woman, and thus accosted: 'So, sir, you have got some of the fruits of matrimony." "Softly, softly, old lady,' said he, 'you mistake, this is merely the fruit basket.'

At a convivial party, where the president was not in the prime of strength, a fine Turkey baffled all his efforts to carve, in a handsome manner. He hacked it, and tore it most inhumanly, to the great diversion of his cruel spectators; at length one of them went slowly behind him, and to the amusement of every one, except the poor chairman, vociferated, "mangling done here."

The city Inspector reports the death of 68 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last by the rev. John M'Knight, Mr Joseph Lammir, to Miss Fanny King, both of this city,

At Killingworth, Mr Oliver Wilcox, merchant of this city, to Miss Sally Stanton, daughter of Adam Stanton, Esq. of the former place.

At Nantucket, Mr Matthew Clark, of this city, to Miss Sally Cartwright, of Nantucket.

At Saybrook, John J. Ward, Esq. of this city, to Miss Rebecca H. Bingue, of the former place.

DIED.

On Monday morning, Mrs. Sarah Hitchcock, wife of Mr Miles Hitchcock, in the 36th year of her age.

On Saturday, Mrs. Hannah Sands, widow of the late Captain George Sands, of this city, in the 28th year of her age.

Suddenly, at Charlston, Mr. James Bates, comedian.—Mr. Daniel Boardman, late of this city.—Mr. Samuel H. Porter, printer, of New-Hampshire.—Mr. J W. Coy, of R. Island.

Just published, and for sale by D. Longworth,
At the Dramatic Repository,
ADRIAN AND ORRILLA;
OR,
A MOTHER'S VENGEANCE.
A PLAY,
In five Acts.
BY WILLIAM DIMOND, ESQ.

Likewise,
TOWN AND COUNTRY.
A COMEDY,
In five Acts.
BY THOMAS MORTON, ESQ.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

To R.

I LIKE the opening morning's ray
That blushing speaks a beauteous day,
Diffusing gladness round;
But more I like gay twilight's shade,
Where Contemplation, sober maid,
Steals silent o'er the ground.

I like the parting beams of day,
When on yon height the sun beams play,
And catch my lingering view;
But modest Cynthia's rays invite,
To temper thought—to calm delight,
Enjoy'd when life is new.

I like th' enchanting scenes of spring,
Reviving nature captive bring;
And fields with lustre bloom;
But faded autumn more shall please,
Whose dying foilage, falling leaves,
Emphatic reads my doom.

I like the affable and kind,
With pliant manners, airs refin'd,
In Stanhope's polish'd school;
But more my heart that soul reveres
That's feeling, generous, true, sincere,
Kind, just, by virtue rul'd.

I like gay pleasure's frolic train,
Where sprightly wit, and humour reign,
And bid dull care retire;
But far more dear the calm retreat
Where truth, affection, friendship, meet,
Beside the social fire.

E.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

LINES,
Addressed to a Lady.

TELL me, lady,—tell me why,
Appears the tear-drop in thine eye;
Tell me why thy looks assume
That dismal, melancholy gloom;
Why has health forsook thy cheek,
Which erst did glow with ardour meek;
Why thy vermil lips are faded,
Why thy brow with sorrow's shaded;—
Do you mourn a dying mother?
Do you grieve an absent brother?
Has thy lover, faithless, left thee,
And of all thy peace bereft thee?
Has some villian, mad with pleasure,
Robb'd thee of thy dearest treasure?
Who, like the cruel bee that sips
Rich nectar from the rose's lips,
And when he's stolen its sweets away,
Leaves it to wither and decay.
Alas! believe me lady fair,
Beauty's an insidious snare;
More fatal far, than all the darts
Which Cupid holds to rankle hearts.

MATILDA.

New-York Sept. 1807.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

A Codicil to the Lines on Good Nature, page 240 of this work.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

ODE II.

LAVISH Nature, that adorns
Bulls, and goats, and rams, with horns,
Furnishes the cat with claws,
Lions with terrific jaws,
Fish with fins, and birds with wings,
Dogs with teeth, and bees with stings,
Man with wisdom, honour,——say,
Has she lavished all away?
What has she in store behind?
What reserv'd for woman kind?
Eyes, that kill at every glance,
Where the loves and graces dance;
Glowing cheeks, like Flora fair,
Half enveil'd in flowing hair,
Teeth of ivory, lips like roses,
Where the smile of Love reposes;
The graceful mein, each love-invoking feature,
Wit, and, O chief! the charms of sweet GOOD NATURE!

SMITH.

New-York, Sept. 1807.

POLITICK LOVE.

To Lady Mary, Bellair makes addresses,
Presents he makes, sighs, presses, and professes.
Is she so fair? No lady so ill off,
What is so captivating then? *Her cough.*

For the Lady's Miscellany.

SONG.

FAREWELL, dear girl, thou ne'er shall see
My soft regret, my deepest sorrow;
This heart so warm, so true, shall be,
Far, far away before to-morrow.

Yet in what distant clime I rove,
O'er dreary plains or raging ocean,
Thy lov'd remembrance still will prove
A constant source of soft emotion.

Should sickness all her ills display,
And I, oppress'd by pain, should languish,
One thought of thee, and happier days,
Will sweetly sooth my keenest anguish.

But ah, alas! how sad to know,
A heart that burns like mine must never
Meet a return, but torn with woe,
Sigh disregarded, sigh for ever.

Yet when I take a last sad leave,
When all the ills of fate distress me,
Perhaps one sigh thy breast may heave,
One gentle sigh, and then forgot me.

JANE C——K——O.

Washington City, Sept. 1807.

The following versification of the beautiful African song in Mr. Park's narrative of his travels, we believe is not generally known.

Bleak blew the wind in ceaseless roar,
In whelming torrents fell the rain;
The white man trembling, cold, and poor,
Exhausted sank upon the plain.
Beneath the tree he weary lies,
Nor heeds the storm his plaintive sighs;
He lies a stranger to repose,
Without a friend to calm his woes.

No mother's smile his bosom cheers,
No sister comes to give relief;
No tender wife to dry his tears,
To soften or partake his grief.
Let us the white man's wants supply,
Ah! sure we hear *a brother* cry;
If pity touch the heart within,
It makes both black and white a-kin.

TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum, payable half yearly. No subscription received for a less term than one year.

To those who receive them by mail, two dollars, payable in advance.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CLOUGH, NO. 2, HUBBART-STREET.